

been in the stairway.

ficulties."

it so perplexing.

'Until 12 to-night," she said.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Secret Staircase.

were dead, I was to essay a duty even

must rescue Captain Forbes.

CHAPTER XXI.-Continued. "Bah! don't mention that word to me again. I am sick of your hypocrisy. You don't deceive me, let me tell you. Your plea of cowardice is a convenient subterfuge. Every fact points to your ward the chateau. being in league with these adventurers. A coward wouldn't have taken the risks you have taken. You saw the man hiding in the stairway, you saw him about to fire on a helpless

talking plainly enough?" I looked into Locke's eyes, glaring with rage and contempt, and I laughed aloud. It was actually a relief to have

girl; and you raised no hand. Am I

"Laugh, my friend, but I am not to be deceived by a laugh.

"And now that I stand abased in my

"I give you five minutes to make a full and complete confession. If at And yet, if Sir Mortimer were living the end of five minutes you still reand still enamored of his mistress, I fuse, I shall have you promptly arrest- had promised to attempt even that. ed for being a partner in the intrigues If, on the other hand, Sir Mortimer adjective was significant. of the Countess Sarahoff, for masquerading as Sir Mortimer Brett, and for more difficult: to rescue his great being an accomplice in the murder of name from dishonor.

long. I knew Locke would keep his must know the truth from Madame de word; but more than ever I was stub- Varnier concerning Sir Mortimer into my confidence.

Could I tell him my reasons for act ing as I had done? Could I tell him that I had set out on the romantic quest of saving a life for the life that had been lost? Would he believe that? At least without appealing to the woman who had set me that task? To drag in her name was impossible.

The minutes passed swiftly. So this was the end of my task! Disgrace and imprisonment! I had warned Helena that might be the case. I looked across the valley at the pinnacles of the Castle of Happiness. What a fool I have been!

"Your time is almost up," said Locke grimly, looking at the watch he had placed on his knee. "And Miss Brett is walking in the garden over there. Do you wish her to see you marched off to prison?"

On the contrary, it was she who must set me free! I would put her to the supreme test. Now if she trusted me as she had promised, I might yet escape from the awkward dilemma. I rose to my feet. 1 called to her,

"Miss Brett!" She came to us. My maneuver so completely astonished Locke that he stared at me speechless.

"Miss Brett," I said quietly, "Mr. Locke has taken upon himself the task of bringing me to justice. He finds me guilty of complicity in the intrigues of Madame de Varnier. He refuses to believe that I am acting in your behalf. I cannot blame him for his suspicions. The facts are almost wholly against me-the surface facts. I do not even deny most of them. Bu he has woefully misconstrued my mo tives in every case. I refuse absolutely to tell him what those motives are. He has threatened me with arrest un less I make to him a full and complete confession without delay. Mr. Locke. as I have said, is acting on the behalf of your mother and yourself. Personally he has no right whatever to make any complaint against me.'

"Miss Brett will be the last person to shield you from punishment when she knows the truth," interrupted Locke, bewildered at my audacity in appealing to her.

"Among other things, Miss Brett, I continued eagerly, "he accuses me of being an accomplice in your attempted murder in the stairway,'

There are facts more tangible than that," said Locke significantly,

"But I refuse to listen to them." said Helena, reassuring me with a quiet glance. "I am not so ignorant of these facts, perhaps, as you imagine, Mr. Locke. I have every confidence in you, Mr. Haddon. As to causing your arrest, that is absurd. "Thank you," I returned, with a pas-

sion of gratitude in my heart. "You will hear from me before midnight. If at the end of that time you do not, I think it would be well for you to consult Mr. Locke. He knows a great deal of which you are ignorant." "Be sure of this, sir, I shall not wait

Brett," cried Locke, his face purple with anger and chagrin.

"Mr. Locke, let us understand each other," said Helena, and even Locke felt that her decision was irrevocable. "Mr. Haddon is my friend. I refuse to believe him guilty of dishonor, much loss of deliberate crime. I refuse, and my mother will refuse, to press any charge against him. More than that, we trust him to help us in our dif ficulties."

Locke closed the face of his watch with a snap.

"If you have come to that decision," he said with assumed carelessness. there is nothing more to be said. If find me at the hotel at midnight, as self." the chivalrous Mr. Haddon has sug-

We were alone. But Helena was of at the seclusion that she affected. I ers is superb." no mind to receive my thanks or my was impatient for action. Nearly 12 assurances that I had been absolutely hours were to clapse before midnight, ceasible?"

force my presence on her. In the guide. meanwhile I must attempt to learn something of Captain Forbes's deten- with assurance,

Auce of Dr. Starva was only to be ex- object. Besides, there is Alphonse." ected. Even so brazen a villain as he would hesitate to meet me with unconcern. During the struggle in the ant." porter's lodge no word had been spoken by either of us, but certainly to the towers." he could not have been ignorant of my identity any more than was I of the man persisted. When we again met, therefore, it would be as avowed enemies.

Frankly, I did not look forward to pocrisy that meeting with pleasure. The fate of Captain Forbes pointed too obvious gallery move very strangely," he "Until 12 to-night," I repeated. I a moral. I had put myself deliberately blurted out. lifted my hat and walked swiftly to in Starva's power by my return to the be because my services were indis- case leading thither was concealed becensable.

I had lighted my cigarette. Jacques was noiselessly gathering up the So far so well. But I remembered "We trust him to help us in our dif- things. I had determined to take him that there was one central tower, into my confidence. I believed it was flanked by three smaller towers. In Those were the words Helena had he who had brought me the note. I which of them was Captain Forbes spoken; she trusted me, who had been suspected that he was not ignorant of held a prisoner? I came to the point called coward, to accomplish what the my leaving the chateau. He had ac- directly. To fence with the fellow was cleverest and bravest man must have cepted my excuse too readily. At any wasting time. my weakness exalted to the plane of hesitated at promising. For one can- rate, I believed the fellow could be not promise with reason to attempt bribed. I demanded carelessly: successfully the unknown. It was the

vagueness of my mission that made fined to his room?" The man shrugged his shoulders. One cannot tear apart lover from Evidently he held Dr. Starva in no does Dr. Starva usually lodge his lover as one tears a piece of paper. great consideration. "One knows nothing of him. He is

mysterious, this Dr. Starva." I looked at the man keenly. "Everything about this chateau is mysterious, it seems to me." I re-

Before midnight, then, there were instance, i could have sworn I heard Five minutes! The time was not two things to be accomplished: I the shout of one in distress. "Is it possible, monsieur?" "And when I retired I found a note

bornly resolved to refuse taking him Brett, whether he were living or dead; on my pillow. I would give a hundred turning, snatched at them. francs to the man who placed it there It was to be a double duel. The first if I could find him.'



"Until Twelve To-Night," She Said.

to be fought was Madame de Varnier, | va, and he had already shown me cast down. what weapons he preferred.

Cereson

supposed would be a simple matter. But when I made inquiries for a gun-since it was not sealed, I knew that smith's shop I learned to my dismay madam would not object." He smiled that there was none in Alterhoffen. I greedily on the notes that I had laid was compelled to return to the cha- on the table. teau empty handed. The terrace was deserted. I crossed Varnier?"

it, close to the castle walls. I intended, if possible, to enter the hall unobserved by the little door under the winding staircase through which I had loyalty. I was forgetting Captain followed Dr. Starva, I looked cau- Forbes. I proceeded cautiously. tiously into the great room through one of the mullioned windows. one was about. Once within the cha- notes. teau, and the door locked, I gained until midnight to enlighten Miss my room, and rang the bell for the lency knows. servant. Jacques, the lackey who had shown me to my room the night before, answered the call.

"It is half past one," I cried impatiently. "Is Madame de Varnier not ready for luncheon?"

The man looked his surprise. "Luncheon has been waiting for your Excellency. I came to your room some time ago, but there was no an swer when I knocked."

"I had been wandering about the chateau," I replied carelessly. luncheon is ready. I hope I have not

"Madam begs to be excused. Lunch- its rooms." I can be of service to you, you will con is served for Dr. Starva and your-

> I followed the man to the room where we had dined, not at all pleased the chateau. The view from the tow

"There is nothing too difficult to be the weapons to be of her choosing, discovered with diligence, your Excelcunning and wit; the second, Dr. Star- lency," he said softly, his crafty eyes

"So you were the faithful messen To arm myself for my fight with him ger." I took out my pocket-book. "A little letter is a simple thing, and

"Ah, you are loyal to Madame de

"Very loyal, monsieur," he returned with perfect seriousness. I intended to test this admirable

"Am I the only guest of the chateau?" I demanded, toying with the

"There is Dr. Starva, as your Excel-

"And he is a man of mystery, you tell me. I suppose it not impossible that he has his friends."

"Friends?" he asked, and he gave to the word a strange note of uncer-

"Did not one call on him last night. just before I retired?" "I have understood so."

"And he has come to the chateau as Dr. Starva's own guest?" "Certainly, Dr. Starva's friends have

"So visited him here occasionally." "The chateau is so immense that kept Madame de Varnier waiting too one would find it difficult to be sure the corridor. In an instant I had folthat one knew the whereabouts of all lowed him. As he lifted the tapestry

> "If I might take the liberty, I should say that your Excellency would be interested in making an inspection of

"And these towers are readily ac

then. And if she persisted in not see- has said that the chatcau is immense. ing me, I wondered how I wax to Ore might find it difficult without &

"And you will be that guide," I said He shook his head still more vigor I lunched alone, and well. The ab- ously. "Impossible! Madam would

> "Alphonse? Who is he? "He is madam's confidential serv-

"At least you can tell me the way "I have never been to the towers,"

"Then the staircase is concealed?" I asked sharply, irritated at his hy-"I have seen the tapestry near the

Captain Forbes, then, was imprischateau. If I were unmolested it would oned in one of the towers. The stairhind a secret door hidden by a tapestry. This door was near the gallery.

"The rooms in the towers themselves must be interesting. In me-"And Dr. Starva? Is he, too, con- dieval times they were no doubt used as dungeons, if there can be dungeons in the air. In which of these towers

friends?" I asked the question not without trepidation. I was tolerably sure of my man, but for the moment I feared that I had overshot the mark. poised a tray on his palm and shuffled hastily to the door, as if he were marked cheerfully. "Last night, for frightened at the information he had already given.

You have forgotten something," I said carelessly, and tapped the notes on the table. He hesitated; then, re-

"When one has ascended the secret stairway," he said in a low voice, "one finds oneself in a bare room. That is the central tower. It is a triangle in shape. At the corners of the triangle there are three doors opening on three smaller rooms, the dungeons, as monsieur calls them. One of these rooms is the oratory of madam. Monsieur knows that madam is very religious. When madam is not to be seen she is at her prayers.' Again he seized his tray, but I had

still another question to ask. "Which of these rooms is the oratory? And in which does Dr. Starva lodge his friends?"

"But, monsieur, I do not know," he stammered, and again seized his trav. "You know very well, if you think," commanded.

He rubbed his nose, a gesture curlously reflective and agitated. He turned himself about like a top as he tried, or pretended to try, to remember toward which points of the compass the various rooms faced.

"Monsieur knows that the chateau itself does not face either south, north, east, or west. The oratory is to the south. No; it points to the west. The locked room, Dr. Starva's, that is to the east. But no-truly, your Excellency, it is impossible for me to remember.

He fled from the room, the dishes on his tray rattling in his perturbation.

But he had told me much. I knew that if I could find the secret staircase to the towers, if I could force open bag both my birds with one shot. Captain Forbes in his prison, or Madame de Varnier at her prayersit was all one to me.

# CHAPTER XXIII.

## A Terrifying Apparition.

I did not hesitate. There was no time like the present. This servant had been false to Madame de Varnier. false to Dr. Starva. He would betray me with as little compunction if it were made worth his while.

I walked slowly up the grand stairway leading from the ball. I gained the gallery that ran about the hall, meeting no one. I pretended to be in terested in examining the designs of the tapestry. I tapped the wall as I moved deliberately along. It seemed to me quite solid in every direction. I began to think that Jacques had been playing with me.

As I stood there hesitating, Alphonse, the confidential servant of Madame de Varnier, appeared suddenly before me. Either his tread had been catlike or

the secret stancase was very near. I thought I read consternation on his face. I leaned over the carved railing of the gallery, gazing down

"Am I not to see Madame de Varnier before long?" "I shall tell madam that your Excel-

lency is waiting." "If you please." I walked carelessly down the long corridor that led to my room. I closed

the door, but I was careful to hold the handle in my hand, and in an instant my eye was at the keyhole. He had paused irresolutely, looking down the corridor toward my room. Evidently he was dismayed at having

been surprised by me. He was hesttating whether he should return to warn Madame de Vanier. Luckily he did not hesitate long.

he touched a spring. A door opened noiselessly. "One moment, Alphonse," I cried. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Animals with Long Tongues. Giraffes and ant eaters

mobile and a simpering husband, is lives of our neighbors than in our a letter, but always plenty of it on

tongues nearly two feet in length.

The stork does not even cast a

Husbands of women who have spot less homes so frequently spend their evening's abroad? There is no ink to be found around

Li'le Ephra'm Says-Ah wondah ef dev'll let a black-hander lak me con tribute t' de Red Cross fund.

WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

# but there was much to be done before Jacques shook his head. "Monslem in in it is in Marxian Club Socialists

War its thousands slays, Peace its ceive, it therefore dictates my mode

Editorial Committee:

KATE S. HILLIARD.

I am your for the prohibition of all

parasites on the body of the working class, and my vote is cast every time

for the only party pledged and able

to wipe them out .- The Socialist La-

CURRENT COMMENT.

In her tired and careworn hands,

Calmly, coolly, brazenly were these

sentative Sheppard of Texas, the lar-

est pladin of Free Trade in the house

Calmly, coolly, brazenly were the lines

hurled at Protection, despite the face

woman labor in Free Trade England

Lick Branch, W. Va., celebrated its

At least "100 miners killed"

second mine disaster within three

is the latest holocaust burnt on the

altar of a social system the law of

whose existence is "Property is more

Both the blind-as-a-bat churchists

and the philosophic anarchists who

declare that personal morality is in

dependent of economic environment

will have to stick their heads deeper

beginning to come in from Cleveland. Ten thousand people there pledged

themselves to "live like Christ" for

two weeks, and before half the time

was over the experimenters were

driven to declare they could not keen

up the trial and maintain their liveli-

hood under present industrial and business conditions.—Exchange.

SIBERIA'S MANY LARGE CITIES.

They Are a Surprise to the American

Visitor.

finding such large, prosperous cities in

Siberia, writes Prof. G. E. Blakeslee

in the Boston Transcript. Omsk has

some 55,000 inhabitants, Ob 25,000,

Tomsk 75,000, Krasniarsk 35,000 and

ever, they still show the crudeness of

frontier life. In Ob hardly a house

is over one story high, and the dust in

the unpaved streets lies some inches

thick. On the other hand, there is a

large number of schools in the coun-

ter, besides being the largest city.

has an institute of technology and

university of some reputation, which

is attended by several hundred su-

level, monotonous plains of the west.

it is a pleasure to reach the borders

of the hill country, which stretches

tainly is charmingly located, remind-

ing one of many a town on the Rhine.

It is built in the valley where the

Katscha flows into the great Yenisel

-mountains on every side, and the

high banks of the river above and be-

low. Seen from a distance, with its

many church domes glistening be-

tween the hills, it makes the most de-

A further ride of a day and a half

through this hill country, much of

which is heavily wooded with a thick

growth of pine, brings one to Irkutsk,

which after Tomsk, is the largest city

in Siberia. It is in many ways a very

attractive place. Its main streets are

paved and it is lighted by electricity;

it has three daily papers, a large thea

ter, a handsome art museum, a tech-

nical school, a theological seminary,

26 churches and one of the most im-

posing cathedrals in the whole em-

pire. There are two or three factories

in the city, one of which is a porcelain

establishment, which turns out most

excellent work. In strolling through

the business streets one is surprised

at the great variety of goods displayed

in the stores, especially at the real ele

gance of the silver and jewelry assort-

wares to be seen-kodaks, sewing ma-

chines, typewriters, gramspiones,

reapers, tools from Massachusetts,

canned fruit from California, canned

oysters from Maryland. In some of the

show windows were pyramids of

boxes of an American food product,

each with a Russian label and a repre-

sentation of the American and the

Irkutsk is over 3,300 miles from

Moscow, a distance greater than that

which separates San Francisco from

New York, yet it is only two-thirds of

Fawn Faces the Camera.

One day recently B. N. Rogers, a

farmer in the Shirkshire district, found

a doe and a beautiful fawn not more

than three or four days old in his

meadow, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The doe became frightened and

fied, but the fawn showed no sign of

fear, permitting the farmer to caress

Falls and had the fawn, lying at the

feet of his two little daughters, photo-

During the picture taking the fawn

gazed steadily at the photographer

and his camera, but gave no indication

of being afraid. On returning to his

home Mr. Rogers took the little ant-

t, and finally it followed him to the

Mr. Rogers drove to Shelburne

Russian flags.

the way to Vladivostok.

There are many American

lightful picture of all Siberia,

After traveling for days over the

Tomsk is the educational cen-

In many ways, how-

Irkutsk 60,000.

One is continually surprised at

n the sand than ever at the reports

Blacksburg, Va.

dren

hood

weeks.

valuable than Life."

ROY E. SOUTHWICK.

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard,

436 Herrick Avenue. - Indian Indian

ten thousands.-Porteus. EXTRACT FROM AN OPEN LETTER DISCUSSING THE "WET" AND "DRY" QUESTION.

Fellow Workingmen of Roanoke:-On December 30, 1908, a red letter day in the history of the town, you voted and the "drys" won out. In reading the arguments and studying the abulated votes for and against the saloon, I concluded, that no longer to climb the factory stair; being amongst you, I would venture She creeps home at night to her chila few remarks on the election as viewed by a worker.

In the first place, I am heartly in favor of any igovement for the up lifting of humanity; but, although not a Missourian, yet you must show me that local option, or prohibition, alone will do so. If it did, what would be the necessity of sending missionaries to Turkey, Persia or India, where the religion of the people prohibits the lines recited on the floor of congress manufacture or use of intoxicants? on the 7th of this month by Repre-Surely, if the use of intoxicants is as the prohibs state, the cause of pov erty, vice and crime of all kinds, then those people should be paragons of peace, plenty and pure morals. But that they also fit Free Trade, as illusis such the case? No! From all trated by the woeful condition or those countries come the cries of starving millions, of murder, arson and deprayed morality, a cry which finds responsive ccbo in the hearts of the starving millions of Europe and America, not for relief from the demon of drink but from the hydra-headed monster who absorbs the wealth produced by the working class of all countries. No. drink is not the cause of the evil; you must dig deeper and when you get to bed rock, you will find that vice and intemperance are merely effects which will continue as long as you permit the cause to re

Non-Alcoholic Countries. Why do millions die by starvation in non-alcoholic Brahman India? vious to the British conquest thereof, the natives, knowing that there camyears of drought, prepared for it by storing away in their public store louses something against that calami-Under Christian England's rule everything except a bare living is swept away from the poor people by the English capitalists, leaving people penniless in the face of famine In alcoholic Turkey and Persia the poor suffer the same fate at the hands of their own aristocracy. same story everywhere, irrespective of religion, creed or color. The cry of hunger from Christian England's millions is echoed all over Europe, and reechoed across the broad Atlantic to the bread lines in the industrial centers of "our great republic" under the regime Teddy the I, of "prosperity fame." Again and again is the cry taken up in our Christian United States carried across her broad bosom to the Pacific slope, and on across that broad expanse of water to China and Japan. It's the same old story: the people suffer because the aristocracy as well as the plutocracy of the Old World and the capitalism of the New absorb all the wealth, except a mere pittance. rom the working class who produced it all. That, and not drink, is the

cause of poverty, intemperance, vice, crime and depravity of all kinds. The conditions will continue and get worse year by year as long as the working class by their votes sustain the present system of capitalistic ex-

ploitation, be it in monarchial Europe, r in republican United States Society Dinners Versus the Bread Line.

As long as this system of exploita-tion of the working class goes on we have our Seeley dinners, where nude girls step forth from the pie when it is cut open and promanade the dinner table in nature's dress to the delight of "our" bachelor 400 in New York; "we" will have Christmas trees for puppy dogs, hogs dining with their mistresses from silverware and reclining in beautifully upholstered cradles while the children of those who produce it all shiver in a freezing atmosphere either in their hovels or on the streets and men stand in bread lines waiting their turn for a cup of

coffee and a roll. Oh, the degredation of it, to think that a strong man able and willing to work is driven by starvation to smother his natural pride and accept in alms a part of the wealth produced by him and his sure that he is blame less in this matter? Are you not the ones to whom those starved mothers and children of this country are point ing their bony fingers as they shiver in their rags at the street corners or in their dens? Oh, their hollow cheeks and raking cough say to you husbands and fathers of the working class that not the capitalists alone, but you also are responsible for their condition. You can change these conditions by wiping out capitalism. As a means to that great end I would urge you to connect yourself with and work for the advancement of the only political organization in the United States, the Socialist Labor Party pledged to overthrow this present system of capitalism, and rear in its stead the Co-operative Commonwealth, wherein all willing to work shall be afforded an opportunity to do so and enjoy to the full the fruits of their toil. And as a means or immediate relief, while battling for the final goal. I would urge you to form ; branch of the transportation depart ment of the Industrial Workers of the World to take the place or your pres ent working class disintegrating crat unions. Ballots Need Backing.

Besides a political organization the

working class must have a solid economic organization whose motto is an injury to one is an injury to all. We must have all our industries so ganized that when we vote our party into power we can insist on our victor; being recognized.

To return to the "dry" and "wet" issue again. The fact is that whether the "wets" win or the "drys" win, the wage workers will be no bette off in wages or conditions. As long as the capitalist system is allowed to continue the workers will continue to be slaves. If I had been in Roanoke on election day I should have voted for Socialism as against capitalism because capitalism dictates how shall work and how little I shall re time it was joined by the doe,

# THE JOURNEY'S END

BOURNE TO WHICH NONE OF US TRAVEL ALONE,

"For No Man Liveth to Himself, and No Man Dieth to Himself"-Beautiful Allegory of the

Last Dread Day. The man was dying. His landlady, kindly soul, had sent for the vicar of the parish, and when the sick man heard a step on the stairs he strove through the ageny of almost insupportable pain to unclench his hands and smooth his brow. As the parson -squat-figured and plain-faced-en-

tered, the man smiled a twisted smile. "Ah, padre, old chap, come to speed the parting guest, eh? I'm afraid I'm not a very promising subject for your

She leaves her babe to others, ministrations." But the clergyman, was a man so wasted no time beating about the Too weary to bind her hair.

bush, but came straight to the point, "No, I'm not here to-night to preach, With the sacred chrism of mother but-we've known each other some time, and lately I've come to look on you as a friend"-here the man turned Through her they must come with souls born dumb, his head away and grinned quietly at The men who shall rule our lands. the cheap wall paper-"how is it be-

tween you and your God?" The man raised himself in the bed. "Look here," he said. "I have lived my life without him and am I now to go to him whom I have defied whining for mercy? I have lived alone and

I die alone. Do you-He fell back in a fresh paroxysm of torture; the bedstead quivered like the shaft of a racing screw under the grip of his one hand, while with the other he fiercely motioned his visitor to the door. The latter, seeing his presence was, for the moment, useless, retired-to spend long hours of the night on his knees in the lonely vicarage agonizing for the soul of one he loved. When he called next morning

the end had come. The long agony was over, and the naked soul lay alone.

Only vast silence and illimitable space. The man stood erect and cried: "God! God! See me! Know me! Throughout my life on earth. I have transgressed thy laws, knowing thy will and thy power. Judge me. Cast me to the hell Thou has devised for me, and try whether, through all thy torments, the creature will not mock at the Creator. Here, a man, I stand before the Almighty for judgment,

alone! There came no voice, no stirring of the calm, clear depths, but the man was shaken by the question:

"Art thou alone?" Suddenly there came pressing on him from every side presences, faces. The face of a gentle lady, who, through all, had loved her boy-the face of a stern, gray-ba'red man, hoping ever for the son of his body-the sweet face of a brave girl, eating out her heart in lonely, trustful longing for the one she loved-men's faces, full of belief in the bright promise and friendship of old college days-children's faces-the brown eyes of faithful dogs-these all oppressed him. thronged around him, while through

his being swept the words: "For no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself!" Through space the cry rang out

IS BELOVED OF ALL MANKIND.

"Have mercy, God!"

Little Brown Jug a Favorite with Every Race and Age.

from Krasniarsk some hundred miles Mr. Meredith Nicholson, in The Liton to Lake Balkal. In one's first entle Brown Jug of Kildare, thus pleasthusiasm one is tempted to exclaim antly discusses the moral qualities of that Krasniarsk is one of the most the bottle and the jug: beautiful cities in the world. It cer-

"A bottle, while suggestive, is not inherently wicked; but a jug is the symbol of joyous sin. Even the soberest souls, who frown at the mention of a bottle, smile tolerantly when a jug is suggested. Jugs of many centuries are assembled in museums, and 'round them the ethnologist reconstructs ex- ' tinct races of men; and yet, even science and history, strive they never so sadly, can not wholly relieve the jug of its cheery insouciance. A bottle of inferior liquor may be dressed forth enticingly, and alluringly named, but there's no disguising the jug; its genial shame can not be hidden. There are pleasant places in America where, if one deposit a half-dollar and a little brown jug behind a certain stone, or on the shady side of a blackberry bush, jug and coin will together disappear between sunset and sunrise; but lo! the jug, filled and plugged with a corncob, will return alone mysteriously, in contravention of the statutes in such cases made and provided. Too rare for glass, this fluid, which bubbles out of the southern hills with as little guilt in its soul as the brooks beside which it comes into being! But, lest he be accused of aiding and abetting crime against the majesty of the law, this chronicler hastens to say that on a hot day in the harvest field, honest water, hidden away in a little brown jug in the fence corner, acquires a quality and imparts a delight that no mug of crystal or of gold can yield."

### Bloodless "Warfare." English travelers on the frontier be-

ween China and Burma recently found the various villages at war with one another. One traveler, George Forrest, writes: "The men of Ji-Ji were at war with their neighbors, and. indeed, we watched the progress of the fight during our tiffin. The cause was the theft of some maize, and a whole army corps, consisting of 50 warriors, had been mobilized. These fellows, with their grotesque ornaments of silver, deer horns, pebbles and cowries, their blackened faces, their flowing hempen robes, their war bows five feet long, their war swords five feet long, and their broad oxhide shields five feet high, moved in a line beyond their village. The enemy occupied a position higher up on the hill and a flerce bombardment of opprobrious epithets was maintained, but neither side got further than swearing and stringing bows until the time arrived for the afternoon meal, when the combatants dispersed

to their respective homes. mal back to the meadow and in a short WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

GOOD PIECE OF

"Bobby," said Mr. Kincaid, gravely, always remember this all your life. Telling one's troubles may tempoto matter what happens to you: a rarily lift the burden, but it eventually can is never defeated until the very And remember this, too, that even

t he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best le could and has never lost heart."

DAILYGRAPHS.

ADVICE FOR A BOY. the earnest prayer of many a woman Men who kill time usually imagine that they are improving it.

tumbles back again with double force.

A WISE REMARK.

David Grayson, author of "Adventures in Contentment," says: 'I have had much to say of contentment; but I have found that coa-Deliver me from a sputtering auto | tentment is easier to discover in the CAN YOU TELL WHY-

The man who does the most work always has the most to do? shadow when he flies over a rich man's house?

the house when a man wants to write i

hand when he announces his intention of signing a check for his wife? Postage stamps are so often stuck

L'le Ephra'm Says-Ah hain't broke

enny New Year's reslouuns yetcause ah didn't